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THE
CITIZEN'S PROCESSION,
OR, THE
SMUGGLER'S SUCCESS
AND THE
PATRIOTS DISAPPOINTMENT.
BEING
An excellent New BALLAD on the EXCISE-BILL.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. DODD without Temple-Bar. 1733.
(Price Four Pence.)

CITIZEN'S PROCESSION

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SMUGGLER'S SUCCESS

AND THE

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AN ALLEGEDLY TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE EXCISE-BILL



LONDON

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(Printed by J. G. Smith)



T H E
CITIZEN'S PROCESSION,
O R, T H E
SMUGGLER'S SUCCESS
A N D T H E
PATRIOTS DISAPPOINTMENT.

To the Tune of the *Abbot of Canterbury.*



O U Puts that have Land, and you Cits that
have none,
You fair Traders who pay, and you Smuglers
who shun

All Duties on Wine and Tobacco, draw near,
And you a fair State of the Matter shall hear;

Derry, &c.

How of late a fam'd Bill, brought in Parliament,
The *Frauds* on *Tobacco* and *Wine* to prevent,
Was dropp'd by the Clamour of Smuglers and Knaves,
Who to Conscience and Honesty scorn'd to be Slaves.

Derry, &c.

Then

An *Alderman-Factor* roar'd loud 'gainst the Bill,
Which to his private Pocket did bode so much ill,
To be stripp'd of four Thousands a Year who'd bear it?
Vile Slav'ry to be tax'd thus to publick Spirit!

Derry, &c.

Then, What's to be done? the Factor's all cried :

' Join the Posse of Vintners, *Bar-----d* replied ;

' Let's frighten the Rabble with some wholesome Lies.

' I have it---- the Word shall be, *General Excise*.

Derry, &c.

A *General Excise* ! says one with a Sneer,

On *Commodities* to wain? The Word will not bear.

' No matter for that, quoth *Bar-----d* again,

' Full well I remember the Reign of the Queen ;

Derry, &c.

' Then Words without Meaning had heavenly Charms,

' When Passive Obedience loud founded to Arms,

' When the City for *Withers, Cass, Newland* and *Hoare*,

' Cry'd, *No Trade*, and elected those *untrading* four.

Derry, &c.

' To lead Mobs by Reason's an idle Pretence,

' Mobs cease to be Mobs when govern'd by Sense ;

' Then give out the Word, and try what it will do ;

' And if that don't succeed, cry out, *Liberty* too.

Derry, &c.

The

The Project succeeded, the Rabble took fire,
 And of Rabbles for Reason in vain you enquire :
 Their Reason is cursing ; they rail at Excise ;
 And each *Slave* to *Delusion* for *Liberty* cries.

Derry, &c.

Thus a Sound before sacred was blasphem'd by all
 The Mob of the City, the great Mob and small ;
 As in the Word Liberty, no Good they saw
 But *cheating* the *Publick*, and *baffling* the *Law*.

Derry, &c.

Their Leaders, the Factors, wrote circular Letters ;
 And the wise Common Council-Men following their Betters
 By Hand-bills warn'd all honest Knaves within call,
 To support the dear Cheat now ready to fall ;

Derry, &c.

To make a brave Stand, all cloath'd in their Best,
 For *Freedom of Fraud*, in the Court of Request ;
 But begg'd they would borrow some Gentlemen's Coaches,
 To grace their fine Show in their *modest* Approaches.

Derry, &c.

You'd have laugh'd to have seen the spruce Cits run about,
 Borrowing Chariots and Coaches t' attend at the Rout ;
 Of Widows and Maids they got many a Score,
 And cramm'd themselves in by two and by four.

Derry, &c.

The Proceſſion was aukward, but made a great Show ;
 For the Coaches like Cuckolds were all on a Row :
 Their Arms the moſt uniform ever were borne,
 For each for his Creſt wore a gallant *Stag's Horn* !

Derry, &c.

Would you know in this Cavalcade who led the Van?
 It was my L---d M--y--r, a true *Perkin's* Man:
Phenomenon Wilkins (pert Coxcomb) was there,
 And furly old *Harris* ſnarl'd loud in the Rear.

Derry, &c.

This Rabble, as Rabbles are brave 'gainſt a few,
 When they ſaw themſelves forty to one, good and true,
 Infulted the Members as by them they paſs,
 If thoſe offer'd to reaſon, theſe bray'd like an Aſs.

Derry, &c.

With them our *Mock-Patriots* join'd the loud Cry ;
 And others from *Pannick* were known to comply :
 Some doubted their *Principals* at the next Choice ;
 And ſome thought the *Mob's* was the publick Voice.

Derry, &c.

Thus a Bill to cure Frauds, and protect the fair Trade,
 By the bellowing of Smuglers, its Exit hath made :
 The Publick's ſtill cheated, and each wanton Cit
 Sneers at the Landholder, to ſee how he's bit.

Derry, &c.

Theſe

These Smuglers now swear, let the Laws but alone,
 And in a short Time all the Lands are their own,
 For they soon shall get Money to purchase, and then
 They will take off the Land-Tax, and live like great Men.

Derry, &c.

The Landholders poor will soon wail the lost Bill,
 When they find themselves damn'd to pay two Shillings still,
 And see Smuglers enjoy more Indulgence than they,
 Who in *Liberty's Cause bore the Heat of the Day.*

Derry, &c.

Shall they be restrain'd too from planting their Field
 With Tobacco *, or whatever else it would yield,
 For the Sake of our Trade, while Smuglers are free
 From paying just Taxes, *Is this Liberty?*

Derry, &c.

These *Patriots* answer, *No matter for that.*
 To bring all to Confusion is what they'd be at:
 They despair of a Share in the Administration,
 Unless they succeed in distracting the Nation.

Derry, &c.

Next they brought in Petitions and try'd all their Strengths,
 The Division discover'd they'd gone too great Lengths:
 Then they try at a *Ballot*, a *Ballot* but shows
 Whoever we have, we will have none of *Those.*

Derry, &c.

* Planting of Tobacco is prohibited in this Kingdom, by an Act made 120. Car. II. for the Encouragement of our Trade.

By these we may learn our *Sham Patriots* Designs,
 They will encourage *Frauds on Tobacco and Wines*;
 Yet rail at *Corruption*, and *Pensions*, and *Places*,
 Which let them enjoy, and you'll gain their good Graces.

Derry, &c.

But these *Patriots* find they're most damnably bit,
 Who made themselves sure, if they gain'd but this Hit,
 To win the whole Game, and so bring all about;
 But no *Noes* are got in, tho' great *Noes* are turn'd out.

Derry, &c.



F I N I S

